

6^d. A *Eng. Poetry vol 14.*

Genuine EPISTLE FROM *Matthew Prior, Esq; at Paris,* To the Reverend *Jonathan Swift, D. D.^{min.} at Windsor.*

WITH A
LETTER
TO
Sir Patrick Lawles,
Late the PRETENDER's Nuncio.
By an unknown Hand.

Publish'd from the Original Manuscripts,
By TIMOTHY BROCADE,
Late AUTHOR of the EXAMINER.

— — — — — *Tempora mutantur,*
O Hominum ! O Mores ! — — —

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TH E following Epistle was found by Accident in the Chamber of the Person to whom it was writ, but something maimed and imperfect; however it lets the Reader into some secret Passages then in Agitation.

It was writ before the Peace was finish'd, as is plain from many Passages in it, and was never design'd to see the Light by the Author, whoe- ver he was. If it be enquir'd why it comes a- broad at this Time? the Reason is, that it was but last Week discover'd; and tho' written some time ago, is still new to the World. If we can possibly recover the remaining Part of it, it shall be communicated in due time to the Pub- lick.

T. B.

Putney, Aug. 12. 1714.



1911. In Second Best of month

brown

white

black

yellow

red

green

blue

purple

pink

orange

tan

grey

silver

gold

yellow



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
Dr. SWIFT.

SINCE you, Dear Jonathan, alone best know
The Pains we careful Writers undergo,
How evenly our Measur'd Feet we tell,
How justly think, and how correctly spell ;
To you my Muse her New Epistle sends,
The best of Judges, and the best of Friends.

My Stile is the Familiar, Friend, you know,
The same I us'd before to Old Boileau ;

1911. In England and Ireland

books

etc.

1911

books

etc.

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etc.

books

etc.

books

etc.



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My Stile is the Familiar, Friend, you know,
The same I us'd before to Old Boileau ;

And not unlike to *That*, to tell you true,
Which pafs'd between the *Treasurer* * and *You*.

What News abounds at *Paris* you desire,
and I what *Britain's* Court affords, enquire ;
Lewis, whom I in many a Ballad Rhyme
have scourg'd from *W-m's* down to *M-bro's* Time,
looks Jovial, Gay, and Hearty, and appears
With better Face than Me, by Forty Years ;
He rises early, and the Afternoon
He toys away with honest *Maindenon* ;
At Night the *New Academy* report
their Politicks by *Terry* to the Court ;
But all their waking Projects, and their Schemes
are not so good as cunning *Lewis's* Dreams ;
One quicker to contrive or to debate,
One judges better of a *Nation's Fate*,
Perfect *Hayley* in Affairs of State.

If

* Dr. Swift's Letter concerning the English Tongue.

If you would farther understand how we
 In this odd State of Peace and War agree,
 Know that the *Grand Monarch* but lately gave
 His true Effigies to his humble Slave ;
 The Sacred Piece with Rev'rence I adore,
 Value the Picture much, the Jewels more :
 For certainly all Kings are then *Divine*,
 When their bright *Images* to Mortals shine,
 Or set in Diamonds, or imprest on Coin.

Thus Things are chang'd, you see, since I observ'd
That one Mouse fed Well, while the other starv'd; *
 And since my Fortune to such Height is come,
I wist not who Audits or Tells at Home; †
 How high their Places and their Pensions mount,
 May *Matt I trow Abroad* for ever count.

Sa

* *First Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.*

† *See Erle Robert's Mice.*

See what the Force of *Mighty Chance* can do,
That turn'd a Poet to a *Plenipo.*

Great *Goddess Chance*, to Thee I humbly bow,
To hear thy Suppliant, and confirm his Vow ;
As thy good Blindfold *Deity* of late
Has alter'd all at once *Britannia's State*,
And by a happily inverted Rule
Mark'd ~~William~~^{baston} for a Wit, and ~~Somers~~ for a Fool.
Has ~~Marl~~^{Bro}'s Military Fame decry'd,
And made *Victoria* wait by ~~O'Neill~~'s Side.
Till, mighty *Goddess*, in thy Course proceed,
Assist thy Favourites, and assert Thy Deed
On the firm Basis of a *Secret Peace*,
To let thy Power, and their Just Fame increase.

Pardon this short excursive Pray'r from me,
Who never pray but in my Poetry ;
And there at least you with your Friend will join,
Adding to *Layman's Faith*, thy *Faith Divine*.

But

But hold, — I had almost forgot the rest,
 I promis'd News, and you shall have the Best ;
 The Duke, the Peace, I know not what to name,
 Him that was W—s has now laid down his Claim ;
 Lewis, to put the Question out of doubt,
 Sends him to seek his Father's Asses out ;
 But yet none knows while thus Young Saul's Astray,
 Whether he'll meet the Prophet in his Way.

Now for this celebrated Peace, — what ? — Well,
 My Finger's in my Mouth, I dare not tell ;
 I must not speak a single Tittle more,
 You know I blunder'd out too much before ;
 But if, like me, you draw some Cullies in,
 One Word for all, you certainly must win.

You, who the *Sacred Page* have often read,
 And keep all useful Places in your Head,
 Know that in all these high *Mysterious Things*,
 Assent from *Faith*, and not from *Reason*, springs ;

With Rev'rence then the Terms of Peace explore,
 And what you cannot understand, adore ;
 Reason but little, Sir, and much believe,
 For sure Such *Ministers* can ne'er deceive.

But now from Publick and Important Cares,
 'Tis Time we mention next our own Affairs,
 And how we make a Shift to waste the Time
 Between the Bottle, Politicks, and Rhyme ;
 Reviving *Tea* is in the Morning brought
 To settle Stomach, and to fix the Thought ;
 That mix'd with *Asses Milk* by Me's preferr'd,
 As fitter for the *Lean, Consumptive Bard*,
 Of mighty secret Virtue to restore
 The Spirits lost in Love the Night before.
 Then if the *Grand Negociation* fail,
 I chant a *Love-Ode*, or devise a *Tale*,
 From *Gay Fontaine* a *Dialogue* purloin,
 Improve the *Smut*, and set it down for mine ;

For such soft Strokes as necessary are
 To please the Fancy of the Reading Fair,
 Is your New Excellence to strike the *Beaux*,
 Of Damn'ing Roundly in * *Historic Prose*.

At Dinner with my Friends I change the Strain,
 And drink Old *Lewis* in his own *Champaign*;
 Such Wine of Course the rising Soul provokes
 So witty *Dialogues*, and merry *Jokes* ;
 That all Reserve and formal Cant defies,
 And shews the Friendly Soul without Disguise ;
 Since canvas we our *British Statesmen*, who,
 Who *Annan* is, and who to *Lewi's*, true ;
 Drink each Confiding Health in plenteous Draught,
 And count how many more may still be bought ;
 Inquire which Way the Dubious Sway will bend,
 And whether some may Rule who yet *Pretend* ?
 Dark are the Councils of Intriguing Fate,
 But *Ancient Prophecies* secure the State ;

For I have found these Words, which long remain'd
Like some before † to be by you explain'd :

When in One Year Tway Fishes Dye,
And Cyderlando rises high,
Then Boy who was Young J^{am}my once.
And Glos is called for the Honce
Shall hope to be by Lilies Cheat
The King of Thame, and shall I weet.

Do you, whose Astrologic Vein is fit,
Unriddle what the Prophet's Pen has writ,
Such Revelations I presume should be
Only explain'd by a Divine like Thee,
While I the Purpose of the Muse pursue,
And tell those Secrets which are known to few.

Sometimes on State-Affairs we gently touch,
Laugh at the Bilk^t Imp^onists and D^uf^{ch},

And smile to think One General has undone
 That Train of Vict'ries which the other won :
 O ! Glorious Warriour, O ! Heroick Heat,
 That won by daring boldly to retreat ;
 Whose *Laurel Crowns* no Bloody Victims cost,
 But only those which by his Friends were lost.
 Who now would fight, when he such Honour gains,
 For Marching leisurely through *Flandria's* Plains ?
 Disgrace to *Willia-m* and to *Mel-bro*'s Name,
 Who knew not this most easie Road to Fame ?
 VVho vainly thought by fighting Foes to rise,
 And grow by Victories to reach the Skies ?
 For sure whatever Poets may pretend,
 The safest Glory is to leave a Friend.

'Tis easie, Sir, to prove what here is meant,
 For since all Things are measur'd by th' Event,
 Since we those Actions most with Honour bless
 VVhich answer best that End which we profess ;

If Fighting could not gain a Peace before,
VVho by not Fighting gains it, merits more.

Then let the *Whig* in mean Reflection rail,
Say it is seizing Honour by the Tail ;
Yet are those Maxims best which most conduce
To Present Interest, and to Private Use.

VVhat Politician ever made Pretence
To mind the Circumstance of Wit or Sense ?
It is not who could best perform, but who
Is warmest in the Cause which we pursue ;
What other Qualities could e'er prevail
With Men of Parts to bid *Sacheverell* rail,
Or teach the *Dapper Priest* * to vent his Spite,
Or you the Celebrated *Conduct* write,
That Piecee to which each Speaker owes his Notes,
And the VVise *Senate* more than half their *Votes*.

* *The Rev. Mr. Trap, Author of Abra Mule. a Tragedy.*

O Noble Leaves ! O *Swi-ft's* Immortal Deed !

Thee unborn *Tories* shall with Pleasure read,

And bind *Thy* Sacred Pages with their Creed ;

To future Times *Thou* shalt recorded stand

The Great *Historian*, who hast sav'd the Land ;

In *Bodley's* Library shall be inroll'd,

Thy Covers and *thy* Back be wrought with Gold,

And live when *Drake's* Memorial lies unsold ;

Go on Great Champion of the Church's Cause,

With *Frogs* and *Bulls* still merit our Applause ;

Call Mother *Haggy* from the nether Skies,

And make New *Ghosts* and *Apparitions* rise,

The greedy Populace will all receive,

And with implicit Confidence believe.

By these more Converts shall thy Doctrine gain

Than if thou compassest both Land and Main

The Truth of Scripture Tenets to maintain.

From these great Merits shalt thou soon become

The Fav'rite Subject of the *Drawing-Room* ;

Thee

Thee o're their *Tea* the Ladies shall require,
 Repeat thy Jests, thy Modesty admire,
 Yet farther Honours shall exalt thy Pride,
 In the Gilt Coach thou shalt Triumphant Ride,
 And chat Familiar by his Lordship's Side ;
 And shortly (if the Muse inspire my Tongue)
 To Thee thyself the Chariot shall belong ;
 When Spite of *York* thou shalt install'd be seen
 The *VVise*, the *VVitty*, and *Believing Dame*.

My Zeal for you, you see, my Dear Divine,
 Transport my Fancy from my First Design ;
 While I too closely this lov'd Theme persue
 I should have ask'd a Thousand Things of You,
 What passes in the Cabinet and Court ?
 What *Tories* act, and what the *Whigs* report ?
 If Levi's Sons still Sing their ancient Song,
 That all are Slaves, and Kings can do no Wrong ?
 If still their *Synods*, made for Peace, engage
 In Civil Quarrels and Religious Rage ?

What

hat, do they hope to grasp into their Hands

The *Church's* Portion, her old *Abby-Lands* ?

Does my dear wicked *Harry* still perfue

The witty Maxims which he learnt from you ?

And when he would his Politicks impart,

Warm well with Wine Phlegmatick O—d's Heart ?

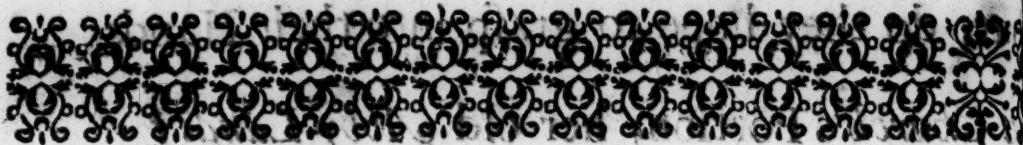
in that Confort how I wish to join,

And mingle T——n with the flowing Wine !

To rail, impeach, and draw important Schemes,

Multa defunt.





A
LETTER to Sir PATRICK LAWIE

Late the PRETENDER's Nuncio.

S I R,



H I N G S of great Moment, to M

in your Station,

I know should be sent without H
sitation;

And therefore, dear Sir, I believ'd it most meet
To send ev'ry Line (very near) on six Feet.

The Cause is now o're, the Pretender is cast,
The Parliament-Title hath prov'd best at last :
His Council mistook ; for here lay the Flaw,
His Right, had he prov'd it, was not good in Law.
Had you, Sir, been here, you would almost have dy'd
When George was proclaim'd not an old Woman
(cry'd ;

And what would have touch'd, I am sure, to the
 O—, B—, and the C—, lookt most wretchedly
 (quick,
 (sick.

Our Doctors advise 'em to go into *France* ;

They say they'll die here, without a great Chance,
 Pray, Sir, tell the *Knight*, we are out of all Pain,
 And I scarcely believe he'll stay in *Lorrain*.

The best he can do is to go to the Pope ;

A Cardinal's Hat I prefer to a Rope.

The Case now is alter'd, the Tables are turn'd ;

The Pope, and the Devil, and He may be burn'd.

Dear Sir, be assur'd, and you may take my Word,

Those Friends are no more, and who cares a T— ?

The *Knight* now may go, and groan *De Profundis*,

We'll sing *Te Deum*, for *England* our own is.

You'll think your old Friend now, has not kept his

When he swore (on a Time) he'd see him restor'd ;
 (Word;

I tell you he has, you might have known better ;

He meant the Spirit, and you took the Letter.

Dear

Dear Sir, bid the *Knight* send his Pimps here no
 We'll not be debauch'd by his old painted Whore.
 (more,

His Pensioners here he'd do well to discharge,

They'll be of no Use, and his Friend's Debts are
 (large.

But if Money should fail, and that may be true ;

Give a List of their Names, we'll pay 'em what's
 (due.

This is all, Sir, at present, that I have to say ;

But that 'tis well for you, that you did not stay.

Dear Sir, I remain

Your—— a Pox on the Gout !

S'Death how it twinges ! Oh ! I can't write it out.

F I N I S.

